GRATULATORY VERSES

TO

BRITANNIA.

Upon Occaſion of the

HAPPY MARRIAGE of his Royal Highneſs FREDERICK, Prince of *Wales*, with her Illuſtrious Highneſs AUGUSTA, Princeſs of *Saxe-Gotha*.

By Mr. *MITCHELL*. 348.

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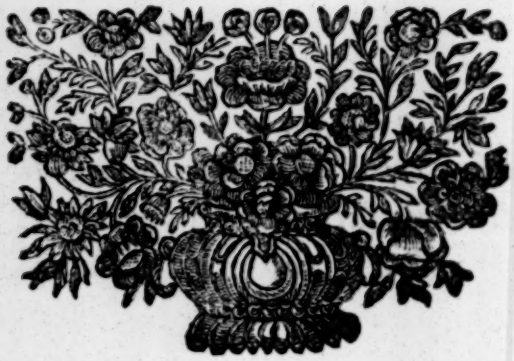
PREFACE.

THERE are few of the Poetic Train, who delight so little in writing upon Subjects or Occasions, which are likely to betray the Muse into Flattery, than myself; nor would I, for any Prospect of Advantage I can possibly receive from it, have given the World the Trouble of a Composition of mine upon the late happy Nuptials, if I had not been strongly excited by the Pleasure, which the Magnificence of the Court, but more especially the Charms of her Royal Highness in the Drawing-Room, at her first Appearances there, created in my Mind. She seem'd to me, distinguish'd from the rest of the Beauties, by her Stature, Shape, Countenance, and Deportment, as Homer *tells us the Daughter of* Jupiter *appear'd, when she presented herself among a Crowd of Goddesses! Her Royal Highness, (as Mr.* Addison *observed of her present Majesty, upon her first Birth-Day after his late Majesty's Accession to the Throne,) in the midst of such a Circle, raises in the Beholder an Idea of a fine Picture, where (notwithstanding the Diversity of pleasing Objects, that fill up the Canvas) the principal Figure immediately takes the Eye, and fixes the Attention. Among our Ladies, she appears* like the King's Daughter *(mention'd in holy Writ)* among her honourable Women: Deas Supereminet omnes. *What Muse can behold her, and remain uninspired?*

But, I must own, the View of future Blessings to my Country, arising from this Alliance, chiefly occasioned these Gratulatory Verses. I foresee that Religious and Civil Liberty will be both better secured and farther extended. Providence seems to provide for the Happiness of our Posterity, as well as to reward the au-

gust

guſt Houſes of Brunſwick *and* Saxony, *that were among the very firſt of Sovereigns, who embrac'd, defended, and ſuffer'd for the Reformation. Let us congratulate ourſelves on our good Fortune, and entertain one another with the pleaſing View of future Bleſſings. For my Part, I imagine I am beholding a ſpacious Landſkip, where the Eye paſſes over one pleaſing Proſpect into another, till the Sight is loſt, by degrees, in a Succeſſion of delightful Objects, and leaves me in Perſuaſion that there remains ſtill more behind.*



GRA-

GRATULATORY VERSES TO BRITANNIA.

HAPPY *Britannia! Io Pæan* ſing,
With joyful Sounds make all thy Mountains ring;
Let all thy Groves and Foreſts, as they grow,
And all thy Rills and Rivers as they flow,
Thy fleecy Flocks, and Cattle of each Kind,
Thy various living Produce, ſweetly join'd,
In various Ways, their duteous Homage pay,
And own the Bleſſings of thy *Brunſwick*'s Sway.
From Cliff to Cliff, from Shore to Shore rejoice,
Ye grateful People, with uplifted Voice,
As, preſent Times with paſt comparing well,
Ye find, impartial, which in Bliſs excel.
Faction, be dumb: Let Parties ceaſe their Rage,
And jointly taſte the Bleſſings of the Age;

With one Accord, let Great and Small confeſs
(For all partake) the preſent Happineſs.
Their Zeal can never riſe too faſt, who know
They cannot pay ſo much as they ſhall owe.

Let foreign Nations boaſt their wide Domains,
Their lofty Turrets and their wealthy Plains,
Prodigious Armies, Monuments of State,
And whatſoe'er the vulgar World calls Great.——
Unſlav'd, within our Sea-ſurrounding Wall,
At once, we pity and defy them all!
Protected by a King of antient Blood,
Who glories leſs in being Great than Good;
And rul'd by Laws, which we ourſelves decree,
Who, happy *Britons*, are more bleſt than we?
Have we a Grievance now? Or want we ought,
For which our Patriot Fathers bravely fought?
Behold maintain'd our Liberties and Laws,
Our ev'ry Claim, that merits juſt Applauſe.

Prero-

Prerogative and Privilege behold
Ballanc'd, and better ſettled than of old.
Beneath our Vines and Fig-Trees now reclin'd,
Let all enjoy the Peace with Plenty join'd;
Of Civil and Religious Rights poſſeſs'd,
Value our Bleſſing, and give Murmur Reſt;
Remembring ſtill, amid our Mirth and Eaſe,
Not thus our Fathers far'd in former Days.

But let no ſad Reflection on the paſt
A Gloom upon our preſent Pleaſures caſt.
Let nought diſturb or give the leaſt Allay
To this auſpicious, happy, halcyon Day——
The Day by Heaven deſign'd to crown the Year,
And with a Conſort, good as well as fair,
Bleſs *Britain*'s Hope, and *Brunſwick*'s Royal Heir.
Let all be glad; let univerſal Joy
Inſpire each Heart, and ev'ry Tongue employ.
Auguſta yields to *Fred'rick*'s longing Arms
The precious Treaſure of her blooming Charms.

What

What are thy Stores, O *Perſia* and *Peru*,
Compar'd with Sov'reign State and Beauty too,
With Wit and Senſe, Politeneſs, Virtue, Grace,
And Piety, the Glory of our Race?
With theſe the Royal Princeſs, richly bleſs'd,
Depreciates all the Wealth of Eaſt and Weſt,
As Moon and Stars eclips'd to Earth appear,
When the bright Sun adorns our Hemiſphere.

But ſhall the publick Acclamations ring,
And no diſtinguiſh'd Son of *Phœbus* ſing?
What? Finds not *Pope* theſe Nuptials worthy Praiſe?
Give they no Ground for his immortal Lays?
Not promis'd thus the peerleſs Son of Fame,
When, raptur'd at our Prince's ſacred Name,
His Royal Virtues loud he wou'd proclaim,
And prophesy a Sun wou'd ſudden riſe,
As from behind a Cloud, the World's Surpriſe!
So the Fifth *Henry*, *England*'s Pride and Grace,
Amaz'd Mankind, and glorify'd his Race.

Or,

Or, *Lyttleton*, to *Fred'rick* dear, ſupine,
Wilt thou the Task to minor Bards reſign?
But buſied, thou, for lov'd *Britannia*'s Weal,
Chuſeſt to check a leſs important Zeal;
Leaving to ſuch as I, of Bards the leaſt,
To tune the preſent Ardour of my Breaſt.
What tho the Mite of my poor Muſe is ſmall?
Yet there is Merit in delivering all.
Unhir'd, unlabour'd, flows each honeſt Line;
But from the Heart, ne'er iſſues Verſe of mine.
'Twas thus of old Morality was ſung,
And Lyres by none but hallow'd Fingers ſtrung;
When Bards unpractis'd in the Arts of Praiſe,
Flatter'd no Tyrants in their ſervile Lays,
And ſcorn'd to gild in proſtituted Rhimes,
A St. *J*——*n*, *P*——*y*, or a *W*——*e*'s Crimes.
The Muſe, invok'd, t'inſpire a ſordid Strain,
Looks on the venal Poet with Diſdain:
But when a virtuous Cauſe his Pen employs,
Pleas'd, ſhe approves and crowns the happy Choice.

How artful *Boileau*, puzzled, ſweats and toils
To plume his *Bourbon* with rich borrow'd Spoils;
While *Montague* with Eaſe and noble Fire,
Truſts to his Theme his Numbers to inſpire?

Bleſt Providence, that o'er Mankind preſides!
How well for *Britain*'s Int'reſt it provides?
First ſends the glorious Inſtrument *Naſſau*,
To quell Oppreſſors and to reſcue Law,
And, at the Hazard of his ſacred Blood,
Make ſure Proviſion for our future Good:
(O may the Land, the Rage of Party paſt,
Be juſt to that great Hero's Shade at laſt!)
Then, in due Time, in Spite of threat'ning Foes,
For *Brunſwick*'s ſafe Succeſſion interpoſe;
Brunſwick! whom Heav'n inſpir'd with generous Zeal
For true Religion and the Commonweal,
And had, amid a Thouſand, moſt approv'd
The glorious Princeſs, whom his Heir had lov'd,

Great

Great *Caroline!* (whom Rivals ſought in vain,
Who wou'd or cou'd not Freedom's Cauſe maintain)
Reſerv'd to ſtock with Royal Race our Land,
And Patroneſs of all our Bleſſings ſtand:
Now, high enthron'd with Second *George*, ſhe ſhares
Her Conſort's Joys, his Grandeur, and his Cares.
Long may ſhe reign of Queens the happieſt Queen,
And, late removing, joy that ſhe has ſeen
A Succeſſor, to be what ſhe has been.

Wiſely the Choice, our Sov'reign Lord has made,
(Long, but not late for *Europe*'s Good, delay'd,)
To *Caroline* who fitter to ſucceed
Than fair *Auguſta*, cou'd have Heav'n decreed?
Reſembling Charms and Qualities divine,
In each, to human Admiration, ſhine.

Oft was Great *George*'s Grandſire heard to ſay,
" My Heart and Coin ſhall never bear Allay"——

A Virtue, which, deſcending with his Race,
Now, ſtrongly mark'd, diſtinguiſhes each Face!
So, ſince the pious *Erneſt*, good and brave,
Who greatly toil'd Religion's Rights to ſave,
(Who firſt of Sovereigns pierc'd the Church's Gloom,
And ſnatch'd true Faith from Legends and from *Rome*,)
Exchang'd *Saxe-Gotha*'s old illuſtrious Sway
Againſt the Throne of everlaſting Day;
What Piety with Majeſty ſerene,
Mix'd in his Offſpring, have Obſervers ſeen?
What Sov'reign Houſes can ſuch Glories boaſt?
For *Britain*'s Sake, O may they ne'er be loſt;
But, ſweetly blended, to the lateſt Days,
The People's Wonder, and the Prince's Praiſe.

What now remains, my Muſe, for Thee to pray,
But that from this it's Colour take each Day?
That *Fred'rick* and *Auguſta*, glorious Pair,
May ſoon be bleſt with an illuſtrious Heir;

In whom at once paternal Virtues, join'd,
May glorify and benefit Mankind.

Poets are Prophets! I, with Rapture new,
A Scene of Wonders in theſe Nuptials view:
Behold! a Royal Progeny ſucceeds,
All heav'nly fair, and fam'd for glorious Deeds!
What numerous Princes in ſucceſſive Train!
What Sons of Heroes down from Reign to Reign!
With *German* Truth and *Britiſh* Valour bleſt,
Freedom's beſt Friends, and Saviours of th' Oppreſt!

Britannia, hail! Thou faireſt, happieſt Iſle!
Freedom's dear Seat! Well may thy Children ſmile,
Finding thy preſent Happineſs ſo ſure,
And for their Children's Children fix'd ſecure.
How chang'd the Scene? How diff'rent is the View,
From what of Old our doubtful Fathers knew!

Shou'd GEORGE, in Honour of this joyful Day,
Enlarge the wretched Poor, who cannot pay:

Men, whom Misfortunes, or more cruel Paws
Of Knaves and Rogues have ruin'd by the Laws;
Whoſe Woes their guiltleſs Progeny partake,
Debarr'd of Bread for their poor Parents Sake;
Who yet in Arts or Arms might uſeful prove
To King and Country, Objects of their Love!
What Vows and Pray'rs, like Incenſe, wou'd aſcend,
And theſe bleſt Nuptials ſolemnly attend?

Did Men but feel, who ſcarce vouchſafe an Ear,
Who wou'd not ſigh, and in their Cauſe appear?
But few, who live at Eaſe, regard Diſtreſs,
And fewer court the Glory to redreſs.
In Heav'n and GEORGE, they only muſt confide,
Whom all neglect, and moſt with Scorn deride.
To Heaven and GEORGE the Muſe commends their Caſe,
From whom alone they hope Relief and Grace.

Thou, *Wales*, the Muſe's Friend, with generous Heart,
One Moment ſnatch to take the Priſoner's Part.

With

With thy great Sire a Mediator ſtand,
And let thy Joys diffuſe thro' all the Land:
With-hold this glorious Jubilee from none,
While Fools have Fortune, ſhall a wiſe Man groan?
Shall Vice Reward of honeſt Virtue reap?
And modeſt Want in ſilent Sorrow weep?
But why preſumes my Muſe to recommend
To *Wales* their Caſe, to whom he's ſuch a Friend?
He, who has often wept for *fictious* Woes,
For *real*, ſure, will frankly interpoſe.
Does more Compaſſion fill a Prince's Breaſt?
Who ever pitied more the Poor oppreſs'd?
Cou'd *Wales* from Woe the ſuff'ring World relieve,
What Man wou'd murmur? Who have Cauſe to grieve?
With Heart enlarg'd and Actions unconfin'd,
Wales was not born for *ſome*, but *all* Mankind.

F I N I S.